

# THE DIAL

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### THE ENGLISH SETTLEMENT IN EDWARDS COUNTY, ILLINOIS.\*

The narrative which has been selected by the Chicago Historical Society for the initial volume of its published collections is not an ordinary one. The colony whose fortunes it describes was, from the character of its founders and members and its influence upon the future of Illinois, perhaps the most important that ever came to the West. It had a worthy historian in George Flower; and those who enjoy a graphic account of early pioneer life, as well as those who study the causes of the prosperity of our state, will find it well worth while to read his unpretending but most interesting record. After slumber-

\*HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH SETTLEMENT IN EDWARDS COUNTY, ILLINOIS, FOUNDED IN 1817 AND 1818, BY MORRIS BIRKBECK AND GEORGE FLOWER. By George Flower. With Preface and Foot-notes by E. B. Washburne. Chicago: The Fergus Printing Company.

ing in manuscript for more than twenty years, and narrowly escaping destruction in the Great Fire of 1871, it has at last been given to the public, with a preface and notes designed to call attention to its more important points, by the liberality of a member of the institution to which its author presented it. The publisher has made it a very handsome volume.

This is not a dry chronicle of facts and figures, but a living story full of human interest. Its scope is not so confined as its title would indicate, even territorially; since Edwards County formerly comprised an area from which thirty-six counties, including that in which Chicago is situated, have been formed. And it tells us of men and things as they were sixty years and more ago, not simply in this Western wilderness, but in other parts of our own country, in England, and even in France.

Its opening chapters describe the state of affairs in Great Britain shortly after the downfall of Napoleon the First, when low prices, taxation and competition turned the thoughts of all connected with agriculture, as in our own time, toward emigration. Morris Birkbeck, a well-to-do farmer in Surrey, a man of good position and education, resolved to come to America. His friend, George Flower, the son of a wealthy brewer in Hertfordshire, with whom he had travelled in France, was already here, making the tour of the West as far as Cincinnati, and going thence, through Kentucky and Virginia, to Monticello, to spend the winter with Thomas Jefferson. In 1817 Mr. Birkbeck and his family arrived at Richmond, where Flower joined them, and the party decided to go West. They made the weary journey across the mountains to Pittsburg by stage, and thence on horseback, through the interminable forests of Ohio and Indiana, to Vincennes, on the Wabash. They were resolved to find the prairies, which seemed ever to recede before them; and, strange to say, they could obtain no later or more trustworthy accounts concerning the wished-for land than were contained in the work of Gilbert Imlay,

a captain in our Revolutionary army, who published a description of the Western territory in 1797. To every one whom they met on their way, the natural meadows and plains of which Imlay spoke seemed a dream or a fairy tale; and they began to doubt the existence of such a region.

On this journey an incident occurred which had much to do with the fortunes of the English settlement. Mr. Birkbeck was a widower, and in the party was a friend of his daughters, a young lady, with whom both he and Flower fell in love. She preferred the latter, and they were married at Vincennes in 1817. From this place the leaders of the expedition continued their explorations until their hopes were realized by the discovery of a prairie so beautiful that "for once the reality came up to the picture of imagination, and they gazed long and steadily, drinking in the beauties of the scene, which had so long been the object of their search." This earthly paradise, known to them as the "Boltenhouse Prairie," was in Southeastern Illinois and within the limits of the present Edwards County. They determined that here should be their home; and, while Birkbeck undertook the purchase of the land and the preparation of the buildings necessary for the location of a colony, Flower returned to England to obtain funds, publish Birkbeck's "Notes on a Journey in America from the Coast of Virginia to the Territory of Illinois," and facilitate emigration to the new settlement. He performed his tasks, and coming back in the following year, crossed the mountains with his wife and child, and descended the Ohio River in an "ark," to Shawneetown, whence he drove to the chosen prairie, only to find no preparations made to receive him and no welcome there. Birkbeck, brooding over his matrimonial disappointment, had become estranged from his former friend, and, after a single meeting, they never spoke to one another again. This state of things led to the establishment of two towns: one upon Birkbeck's land, named Wanborough, from his old home in England, and one called Albion, on the property of Flower. The latter place alone was destined to live, and is to-day the county seat.

The unfortunate difference between its founders was an ominous beginning for the new settlement, and the complications to which it gave rise were increased by the premature arrival there of many English people. Birkbeck was a ready and forcible writer, and an author of no little repute in his day. His "Notes on a Tour in France" was widely read, and was the first book that Flower saw when he entered Jefferson's

house at Monticello. But Birkbeck was possessed of a vivid imagination, to which he gave full play in describing the beauties and advantages of the prairie country, in his "Notes on a Journey in America" and his "Letters from Illinois." The result was that people flocked thither, as to a promised land, and in such numbers that one writer of that time even asserts that "no man since Columbus has done so much towards peopling America as Mr. Birkbeck, whose publications, and the authority of whose name, had effects truly prodigious; and if all could have settled in Illinois whom he had tempted to cross the Atlantic and the mountains, it had now been the most populous state in the Union." The usual consequences followed from the lack of accommodation for all who came, and the unfitness of many for life in a new country. There were complaints and heart-burnings; and quite a little literature upon the subject will be found in the writings of Fearon, Welby, Faux, and others, who visited the English Settlement to report upon its condition and prospects and to give the latest explanation of the quarrel between its progenitors.

Among other new-comers was the family of Mr. Flower's father, including his youngest brother Edward Fordham Flower, then a lad of thirteen, who remained in Illinois for six years, returning to England in 1824. He settled at Stratford-on-Avon, and became very wealthy, was the Mayor of the town in 1864, at the time of the Shakespearean Tercentenary, to the success of which he materially contributed, and is well known in England for his unselfish labors for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

Many of the emigrants departed, but many more remained, and the colony slowly took root and grew. And, very fortunately for our state, its members were citizens in 1823 and 1824, when the memorable attempt to establish slavery in Illinois was made. The founders of the English Settlement had avoided a settlement in Kentucky because it was a slave state, and they would not be deprived of the right of free soil without a battle. Whatever their differences, they were a unit upon this point, and wielded a potent influence against the scheme to amend the state constitution so as to legalize slavery. Birkbeck's vigorous pen did yeoman service upon the side of liberty, and it is a manly and noble tribute which Flower pays to him when he says, "The inhabitants of the State of Illinois, if for nothing else, should hold Mr. Birkbeck's memory in respect and gratitude for the decided part he took against the introduction of slavery."

Space does not permit of comment upon the subsequent history of the Settlement, which has steadily prospered, nor to do more than allude to some of the many interesting incidents in Mr. Flower's picturesque narrative. Apart from the subject proper, the notes on a tour through France, the touches of English life and customs, the comments upon our principal cities as he found them, the accounts of Rapp's colony at New Harmony, Indiana, his meeting with General Jackson and visit to Thomas Jefferson, and attendance at the inauguration of President Monroe, are particularly noticeable. In relation to Illinois, the sketches of the prairie pioneers, of the early camp-meetings and of the slavery excitement and its consequences, and the graphic descriptions of the dangers of winter travel, of the loveliness of the virgin prairies, and of the pleasures of a frontier home, will well repay perusal. Most interesting, too, are the many letters, the originals of which were presented by Mr. Flower to the Historical Society, from Lafayette, Jefferson, Count de Lasteyrie, Robert Owen, Nathaniel Pope, and other men of note, written to Messrs. Birkbeck and Flower.

Of these two men whose names are inseparably connected with the history of the English Settlement and of Illinois, the one, Birkbeck, who had been chosen President of the State Agricultural Society, and was appointed by Governor Coles his Secretary of State, was drowned, June 4th, 1825, in the Fox River, on his return from a visit which he made to Robert Owen, to solicit his influence toward a reconciliation with Flower; and he was buried at New Harmony, Indiana. The other long survived his whilom associate, but "his last years in Illinois were marked by pecuniary difficulties and disasters. His house, flock, and farm, sold at a low price, passed to the hands of a stranger. In the year 1849, himself and wife, his two youngest sons and youngest daughter, left Illinois never more to return as residents. They crossed the Great Wabash with household furniture and some family plate, with two dollars and fifty cents in cash, to begin the world anew in the pleasant town of New Harmony, Indiana." Still he did not lose heart, but was courageous and cheerful to the last. And I know not where one may find a more beautiful description of a happy old age, than that with which George Flower, writing in 1860, at the age of seventy-four, closes his history.

"In poverty, but not in destitution, happy in his children, and blest in the companionship of the dear partner of his life, who has shared with him the toils, anxieties, and happy days of the past, they both enliven the last stage of life's journey by cheerful

reminiscences of the past and enjoyment of the present; accepting the prerogative accorded to age, of extracting happiness from a multitude of minor sources, unheeded by youth and overlooked by middle-age, they probably gather more flowers in the evening of life than they did in the noonday of existence. Resting on the shady side of the road, spectators of scenes in which they once took a part, they watch the pilgrims toiling in the path they once so zealously trod, sometimes a little weary of their journey, ready to lie down to sleep."

But two years later, this devoted couple, who had often expressed the hope that they might not be divided in death, after a week's illness, died on the same day, January 15th, 1862. They were buried in the same grave, at Grayville, Illinois, the residence of their daughter. Their portraits, recently presented to the Chicago Historical Society, and especially this History, will fitly preserve their memory.

EDWARD G. MASON.

#### THE STORY OF A NOBLE LIFE.\*

On the 20th of June, 1827, there landed at New York a native of Prussia, who had been forced into exile by the jealousy of an absolute government toward any of its subjects disposed even to study the principles of civil liberty. He was just in the prime of manhood; his age being reckoned by the years of the century. Up to that time his life had been, subjectively, one of earnest study and vigorous thinking; in its external circumstances and incidents, one of strange and exciting romance. After that date it was a life of great intellectual activity, devoted to practical matters of highest moment, and continued for more than forty-five years, to the day of his death. In America, where the exile found a genial home, the best qualities of Francis Lieber's German mind were happily developed in a noble service for his adopted country and for the world.

Lieber himself once wrote: "The lives of distinguished men ought to be published either long, very long, after them, or else very soon after their departure." Like all good rules, this has its exceptions. An examination of his own "Life and Letters" will convince anyone that it is a timely and good publication, though ten years and no more have elapsed since the departure of the eminent scholar and statesman. The time is long enough for the name to have passed from men's fresh recollection, and for his books to have found their place on library shelves, a little out of every-day sight. Yet

\* THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF FRANCIS LIEBER. Edited by Thomas Sergeant Perry. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

this memorial is so admirably compiled that it must have a special charm for those who have already some knowledge of the man and his writings, and gain the interested and thoughtful attention of such as by means of this book are first introduced to his genius and its fruits. The events of the life and the works which occupied it are presented chiefly in Lieber's own letters and in extracts from his journal, the compiler doing little more than to supply brief connecting links. The journal is but a meagre diary, but the letters sparkle with rich thought and are juicy with humor, and so spontaneous and genuine that they give a true and vivid portrait of himself and of other men of note as they came into association with him.

We see the child of six years crying bitterly as he beheld the French army marching by the window of his father's house in Berlin after the battle of Jena; the boy joining a fraternity of his school-fellows and sealing his pledge to good works by signing his name with his own blood; the youth of fifteen responding to his father's call, "Boys, clean your rifles, Napoleon is loose again!" by joining, though under age, the famous Colberg regiment, and bearing himself like a veteran in the battle of Waterloo, till shot through the neck and again in the chest; then the wounded soldier, suffering unutterable things in the two days of waiting for his wounds to be dressed, and in the weary months of slow convalescence in the hospital, but pulling through at last, long after the hated Napoleon had met his doom in exile, spared to renew in other ways the great battle for right and liberty. Then he appears, ripened by this military experience, resuming study in the Gymnasium of Jahn, joining the Turners, while that association cultivated religion as well as patriotism, a favorite of his master, arrested with him and subjected to several months of imprisonment on account of the liberal sentiments of which the school was suspected. Discharged at last without trial, excluded from the Prussian universities by the continued spite of the government, he gets his degrees from Jena at the age of twenty. Soon comes the Greek revolution, and his soul is moved to take part in the struggle of the oppressed on classic ground. Ingenious are the shifts to which he is put to get out of his country. Sad are the trials for two months from the cowardice and incapacity of the Greeks, which quench his enthusiasm and turn him back penniless and disappointed. We follow him, as through manifold difficulties he makes his way to Rome, and at length finds a friend and a helper in the famous Niebuhr, then Prussian

Minister at that city. Graphic and funny is the scene at his first dinner with the Minister—such a dinner as he had not enjoyed for a long time; charming the year's sojourn in the imperial city, with its fascinations for a scholar enhanced by daily intercourse with its great historian. After that precious, almost only, holiday, he returns to Prussia, on the King's promise to Niebuhr that he should not be molested. Hardly does he reach Berlin, however, and in the midst of his friends enter on a new course of studies, when he is arrested on suspicion of entertaining republican sentiments. The repetitions of this treatment soon convince him that he must leave his country. We see him next in London, for a year or more, "the hardest year of his life," trying to support himself by writing for German periodicals and giving lessons in the languages, till, weary of this "uncongenial work," he turns his face westward, and lands in New York on the anniversary of the day and hour of his being wounded on the field of Namur. Thus ends the romantic period of his life. Through all his adventures he appears a man of high integrity, pure tastes, studious habits, and noble aims, growing in wisdom under discipline, and so preparing for a work that he knows not of till its time comes.

We have not space to follow his subsequent career in detail. Agreeably to the invitation which brought him from England, he took charge of the gymnasium in Boston, and set up in connection with it a swimming school, where the simplicity of republican institutions was beautifully illustrated, as the president of the United States (John Q. Adams) plunged with the teacher into the pool for a jolly swim in the midst of frolicking boys. The stranger found admission at once into the best society of Boston, and won his way to the favor and lasting friendship of many public men in highest standing. We find him soon engaged in the more congenial literary work of editing the "Encyclopædia Americana," after the model of the German "Conversations-Lexicon." In 1835 he became Professor of History and Political Economy in South Carolina College, which position he held for more than twenty years, having under his instruction many young men of the South who afterwards attained distinction in public life, and, at the same time, preparing the great works which have given him a world-wide fame and influence. His "Manual of Political Ethics," his "Legal and Political Hermeneutics," and his "Civil Liberty and Self-Government," made positive additions to the political science of the world, and will ever be standards of authority on the subjects



treated. His letters reveal the working of his mind on those great problems. His Southern associations were never altogether agreeable; and the institution of slavery was only an offence to his liberty-loving spirit. So in 1856 he resigned his professorship in South Carolina, and the next year gladly accepted a call to the chair of History and Political Science in Columbia College, New York, whose duties he continued to discharge till death removed him from earth on the 2d of October, 1872.

Lieber was, by personal contact and by correspondence, brought into connection with the leading publicists not only of our own country but of all Europe. The letters gathered in this volume treat mostly of political events and problems of current interest. Together they furnish an interesting and profitable *résumé* of the great occurrences of the civilized world during the middle portion of this stirring century. They are full of life and spirit. We know of no other work better worth reading by the student of constitutional government and the great principles of civil and international law. He appears throughout an illustration of his own statement, that an intelligent foreigner can often apprehend the history, the genius and the institutions of a country better than a native. He was thoroughly American in his views and feelings, yet with a heart ever true to his native land, and yearning for its welfare. He is, too, an example of indefatigable industry and of wise method in making the most of his time and efforts. "*Patria Cara; Carior Libertas; Veritas Carissima*," was the inscription painted on the ceiling of his house; and this memorial shows a life moulded and made fruitful in beneficent influence by the sway of that noble sentiment.

It is earnestly to be hoped that the publication of this volume will turn attention anew to the works of Francis Lieber. It would be a great blessing to our country, if, with other plans for civil service reform, it could be required of every candidate for our legislatures, state and national, to pass an examination in the "Political Ethics" and in the "Civil Liberty and Self-Government."

A. L. CHAPIN.

#### THE SURGEON'S STORIES.\*

The American public will greet with enthusiasm this graceful translation of "The Surgeon's Stories," by Zachris Topelius, the Walter Scott of Finland. In connection with this first volume of the series, a few

words in regard to the renowned author, to inform the reader and define the position of Topelius in the literature of his country, may have appropriate place. Like the illustrious Runeberg, Topelius belongs by birth and by the intrinsic character of his writings to Finland, but by the language in which he writes to Sweden. He was born January 14, 1818, near Nykarleby, two Swedish miles south of Runeberg's birthplace. After attending the Uleåborg school and receiving private instructions from Runeberg, in whose house he lived for some time, he became a student in the Helsingfors University\* in 1833, took his master's degree in 1840, and edited the "Helsingfors Times" from 1842 to 1860. In 1854 he was elected professor of Finnish history in the Helsingfors University, and in 1863 he became professor of Finnish, Russian, and Scandinavian history. His father was a physician, and a great advocate of the rights of the Finnish language as the national tongue; and many years before Elias Lönnrot had collected his famous "Kalevala," the father of Zachris Topelius had prepared the way for Finnish popular literature by the publication of a series of old ballads. Had the father lived, Zachris would doubtless, like him, have written in Finnish; but our novelist was only thirteen years old when his father died, and so he was taught to speak and write the language of his intelligent, noble-hearted mother, who was a Swede. In Runeberg, Topelius found a warm friend, who encouraged him to cultivate his poetical talents. He read with great eagerness Milton, Klopstock, Rückert, Ahnquist, Victor Hugo, and the Danish author Christian Winther. By all of these, and especially by the last, he was greatly influenced; and yet there is in his songs also a distinct sound of the Finnish harp, which, according to an old tradition, "is built of evil days, and whose strings are made of sorrows." While Topelius has evidently been influenced by the poets we have just mentioned, he has also learned many a lesson in poetry from the nature of Finland—from the solitude of its wildernesses, and from its short but beautiful summer. It is the pale sun of the far North that shines in his songs. He is a perfect master of poetic form, but Italy's rich and glowing colors are wanting. Topelius is, next after Runeberg, Finland's most distinguished writer; and fruits of his industry are to be found in nearly every department of literature. Thus, he has written lyrics, dramas,

\*The Helsingfors University is properly the University of Finland. Queen Christina founded the University at Åbo in 1640, but after the great fire of 1827 it was removed to Helsingfors, and there is now no university in Åbo.

\*TIMES OF GUSTAF ADOLF. By Z. Topelius. Translated from the Original Swedish. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

novels, history, geography, hymns, school text-books, and political articles. His numerous books for children have made him almost as popular among the young as Hans Christian Anderson. The secret of his great popularity is to be sought in the purity and simplicity of his style, in his profound sympathy for all that is good and beautiful and noble, and in his vivid pictures of nature. Through all there is a weird but charming undertone of melancholy.

The best of all the good things Topelius has written is his series of historical romances called "The Surgeon's Stories," which describe the history of Sweden and Finland from the time of Gustaf Adolf to that of Gustaf the Third—a period of 181 years, from 1611 to 1792. The whole series is connected by a fundamental idea, which finds its visible expression in a ring handed down from one generation to another. This ring is originally owned by one of the two Finnish families around whose ever-changing fortunes the events of the story are grouped, and from whose different standpoints—that of the nobleman and that of the commoner—the historical facts are interpreted. In "The Surgeon's Stories," Topelius has done for Finland what Walter Scott did for Scotland—or, perhaps still better, what Ingemann did for Denmark: he has woven the history of his country into most fascinating romances. These stories are widely known and extensively read by all classes, and just now there seems to be a general revival of them. Thus, we notice that a new translation of them is being made in Germany, a new illustrated edition is just being published in Stockholm, a new Danish translation by Winkel Horn is appearing in Copenhagen, and a Norwegian edition is being issued in Chicago.

We congratulate the publishers of this English version of "Gustaf Adolf" on the elegance and faithfulness of their translation. It is far superior to a previous one which we have examined. The fact that the beautiful poems in Chapter VI of Part II are so well reproduced, deserves special commendation. Topelius's charming and grand descriptions of nature require great skill on the part of the translator; and one needs only to turn to page 289 and read the opening pages of Chapter X ("Kajana Castle"), to become convinced of the descriptive powers of both author and translator.

"Gustaf Adolf" deals with the stirring times of the "Thirty Years' War," and the powerful story cannot fail to be admired by all classes of readers. The series will doubtless be a great success, and the publishers deserve much credit for having made so valuable an

addition to our growing American literature. The volume is handsomely printed and bound, and thus adds to Chicago's reputation as the literary centre of the great West. May we not hope that after a speedy completion of "The Surgeon's Stories" series, the publishers will feel encouraged to go on and give us a translation of Topelius's charming books for children also? He is the friend of all little children in Finland, and has organized them into a May Society for the protection of the little birds. Wherever he comes, the children flock around him to show him their love and devotion. It is not too much to say that he has more friends among children than any other living man; his chief competitors being, as we think, Peter Christian Asbjørnsen in Norway, and our Paul B. Du Chaillu.

RASMUS B. ANDERSON.

#### NEW METHODS OF ANATOMICAL DISSECTION.\*

This work is of the greatest importance to students of biology. As a laboratory guide for those engaged in vertebrate dissection, it seems to us far superior to any other yet published. Directions as to methods are full and practical, and every step has been thoroughly tested by working students in the Cornell University laboratories. The greater part of the volume is directly applicable to the needs of the student of human anatomy as well as to the comparative anatomist; the cat being chosen for illustration, rather than man, for a number of important reasons, fully set forth by the authors. A very important feature of the work is the application in detail of the revised terminology of anatomy, recently proposed by Professor Wilder. The changes suggested consist in the substitution of single pertinent words for numerous awkward, absurd, or polynomial expressions, in the naming of parts, especially of the brain. This nomenclature has been received with considerable favor, and ought to commend itself to every student of anatomy.

The greatest direct "practical" value of the work, it seems to us, lies in its connection with the study of medicine. The average American medical student of to-day is anxious only to get his degree as soon as possible and on the easiest terms. He is therefore not likely to waste time in cutting up cats. But in the medical college of the

\* ANATOMICAL TECHNOLOGY AS APPLIED TO THE DOMESTIC CAT. An Introduction to Human, Veterinary, and Comparative Anatomy. By Professors Burt G. Wilder and Simon H. Gage, of Cornell University. New York and Chicago: A. S. Barnes & Co.

future, we shall have students desirous of thorough knowledge and skill, and willing to learn how to handle a knife before using it. The average dissecting room is as far as possible removed from the ideal school of science. A small and crowded room, usually open by night only,—full of noisy talk, fetid with foul smells of decaying flesh and stale tobacco smoke, with no facilities for delicate work, and no encouragement for the student who attempts it,—is filled with human "subjects," and the students, gathered from all quarters, with or without education, are set to cutting them up *ad libitum*. All the methods and nomenclature, everything save the differential peculiarities of man, might be learned better and more quickly by the dissection of cats, with the aid of such a handbook as this. Indeed, the student who has done this work faithfully will equal the average medical graduate in his available knowledge even of human anatomy, while far excelling him in skill and accuracy. In the "coming" medical college we hope to see anatomical terminology and methods of manipulation taught by practice on the lower animals, before a student is allowed to begin on the human body. DAVID S. JORDAN.

#### THE LITERATURE OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.\*

Great credit is due to the skill and enterprise of the American publishers who have now placed before us the last two of the five volumes of Mr. Symonds's monumental work, in a form corresponding to the substantial merit of the contents. Possibly the binding might have been made less *English* (i.e., flimsy) for the price; but paper and press-work are of the best quality. In the preceding volumes, some typographical inaccuracies were noted; in these two the improvement in this respect is marked, and the few errors that occur can probably be corrected by every reader. The whole work is now made exceedingly easy of reference, since, while the American publishers supplied indexes of varying value to the first three parts, the last volume now brings us Mr. Symonds's own complete index (pp. 87) to the entire work.

As a whole, this must be regarded as one of the most notable works of our time. Concerning its plan and contents, perhaps I can not do better than to transcribe the author's

own words in his concluding retrospective chapter:

"It has been my object in this work to review the part played by the Italians at the beginning of modern history, subjecting each department of their activity to separate examination. In the first of the five volumes I described the social and political conditions under which the renaissance of the race took place. In the second I treated of that retrogressive movement toward antiquity, which constitutes the most important factor in the problem offered by that age. The third volume was devoted to the Fine Arts, *wherein the main originality of modern Italy emerged*. It was through art that the creative instincts of the people found their true and adequate channel of expression. Paramount over all other manifestations of the epoch, fundamental beneath all, penetrative to the core of all, is the artistic impulse. The slowly self-consolidating life of a great kingdom, concentrating all elements of national existence by the centripetal force of organic unity, was wanting. Commonwealths and despotisms, representing a more imperfect stage of political growth, achieved completion and decayed. But art survived this disintegration of the mediæval fabric; and in art the Italians found the cohesion denied them as a nation. While speaking thus of art it is necessary to give a wide extension to that word. It must be understood to include literature. Nor, in the case of Italy, does this imply an undue strain upon its meaning. The last two volumes of my work have been devoted to the stages whereby vernacular literature absorbed into itself the elements of scholarship, and gave form to the predominating thoughts and feelings of the people. This process of form-giving was controlled, more or less consciously throughout, by the artistic instincts of which I have been speaking. Thus we are justified in regarding the literary masterpieces of the sixteenth century as the fullest and most representative expression of the Italian temperament at the climax of its growth. The literature of the Golden Age implies humanism, implies painting. It will be seen that the logic of the whole subject necessitated the reservation of this department for final treatment, and justified a more minute investigation than has been accorded to the rest."

This long paragraph is important for what it contains, but this alone would not have constituted a sufficient apology for citing it entire. I wish to let it serve as an illustration of one or two remarks upon the author's style—which this citation will do better than a more brilliant one. The characteristics of Mr. Symonds's style, to which I wish to call attention, are, first, his amplitude of statement, iterative and reiterative; and secondly, the frequency of explicit reference, by which certain "leading motives" are, as in Wagner's music, continually recurring. An ill-natured critic might aver that the conclusions and impressions of our author are so scanty as to resemble a stage army, in which the same

\*THE RENAISSANCE IN ITALY. ITALIAN LITERATURE: IN TWO PARTS. By John Addington Symonds. With portrait. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

[For reviews of the previous volumes of this series, see THE DIAL, Nos. 22 and 24.]

individuals, thinly disguised, are obliged to reappear at regular intervals. But such a comparison would be unjust. The truth is, that the salient features of his subject are so clearly perceived by him, and so constantly present to his mind, that he cannot forbear calling the reader's attention to the innumerable illustrations of them, which the facts of his narrative are continually presenting. This repetition is by no means an unredeemed vice of style. It serves to knit each of the scattered facts of history to a great principle, which the careless or weak-minded reader might forget; it serves an artistic purpose in preserving perspective, permitting no blunderer to attribute to isolated facts an importance due only to the principles to which the facts are auxiliary.

Akin to this constant undertone of "leading motives" is the rhetorical amplification already referred to. A fair example of this is found in the paragraph quoted. The italicized clause contains a principle fundamental to any work on the Renaissance. The diligent reader of these five massy tomes imagines himself tolerably familiar with it. In each chapter Mr. Symonds has used every knack of the expert engraver to etch and stipple and stamp it into the reader's memory. Perhaps the reader tires of it. But Mr. Symonds is not tired of it. And now, in this final retrospect, the familiar thought reappears, presumably for the last time. The reader gives it the careless nod of an old acquaintance, cries "*Bon voyage!*" and hastens on. But the first step brings him face to face again with the same protean thought; while at the second step, with bewildering rapidity, it shifts its garb three times before making its final exit. "Paramount over all other manifestations of the epoch, fundamental beneath all, penetrative to the core of all, is the artistic impulse." Surely in a summary at the close of so long a work one allusion to a thought so familiar would be more effective, certainly more merciful, than these five repetitions of it. At the same time the repetitions are here, as always in the case of our author, energetic and deeply felt. It is precisely this kind of style that Cardinal Newman has in mind when he says—and I am happy to adorn my page with his words—that "a narrow critic will call it verbiage, when really it is a sort of fulness of heart, parallel to that which makes the merry boy whistle as he walks, or the strong man, like the smith in the novel, flourish his club when there is no one to fight with."

These two volumes on the literature of the Renaissance will be found hardly less interesting than the earlier volumes of the series. It seems needless to remark that we have

nothing else like it in English; and a better guide or introduction to the study of Italian literature in general could hardly be desired. For the benefit of readers unacquainted with Italian, most of the fuller citations are admirably translated. Passages from poets of the rank of Ariosto are, indeed, left untranslated, and rightly so, for their works are accessible in English dress. Space is thus gained for full extracts from less known but equally interesting poets, especially Folgore da San Gemignano, Jacopone da Todi, Boiardo, Pulci, Folengo, Berni; and for additional translations the reader is referred to the author's "Sketches and Studies in Italy." These metrical translations are very skilful, often exceedingly happy, and constitute a valuable feature of the work.

The author limits the Renaissance proper to the period between the birth of Lorenzo de' Medici (1448) and the death of Ariosto (1533). This is the golden age; but its golden hue is that of sunset, not of dawn, for upon it closed rapidly the black night of Spanish despotism and inquisitorial tyranny. Of course, "it would be impossible to isolate that span of time," and we are therefore led back to "the origins"—to the scanty survival in Italy of Latin culture, the remnants of which the author well compares to the moraines left by extinct glaciers; to the influences of the Carolingian and Arthurian romances; to the beginnings of plebeian and aristocratic poetry, "pawing to get free their hinder parts"; to the final embalment by Dante of all that was worthy of immortality in mediæval Italy. Then came Petrarch and Boccaccio, on a much lower plane than Dante, but belonging to the new age, as he did not,—an age which was nearer to Plato and Aristophanes than to Dante. Following this was the undercurrent of vernacular poetry during the age of transition in which scholars and poets concentrated their energies upon the sole task of recovering ancient manuscripts. Finally, Lorenzo and the marvellous Poliziano broke away from the pedantry which would not suffer a scholar to compose in his native tongue. What Titanic labors were those accomplished by the humanists during the hundred years between Petrarch—who, though the most accomplished man of his age, could not read the priceless manuscripts of Plato sent him from Constantinople—and Poliziano, who was an equal master in Greek, in Latin, and in Italian poetry! Yet, admirable as is the form of Poliziano's poetry, his main distinction is perhaps that he, with the help of his master Lorenzo, freed the Italian muse from the shackles of pedantry. Henceforth Pulci, Boiardo, Ari-



osto, Berni, Tasso, may unfold their pinions in the free atmosphere of native poetry, while Machiavelli, Guicciardini, Pomponazzi, may write history and philosophy uncramped by the restrictions of Ciceronian syntax. All these great writers, save of course Tasso, who was as one born out of due time, receive very full treatment from Mr. Symonds. It is curious that the three men whom he selects as representative, in their several ways, of the golden age of letters, like Petrarch, knew no Greek. I refer to Ariosto, Machiavelli, and Aretino. But it may be doubted whether this ignorance seriously embarrassed them, as it embarrassed Petrarch. In truth, nothing marks more significantly the enormous contrast between the age of Petrarch and the age of Ariosto than the fact that the latter could inhale the very aroma of Greek culture, as Keats did, with the air he breathed.

Space fails for touching, as I should like to do, upon some of the more important thoughts suggested by these teeming volumes. How much one is tempted, for instance, to follow our author in his discussion of the reasons why Italy, which offered such ample materials for satire, did not produce a single satirist of the first rank! The key is found in Machiavelli's condemnation of Italy as "the corruption of the world." Morality had expired, and moral indignation effervesced in ironical laughter. Berni, a Lutheran at heart, lacked the Lutheran earnestness which would have made of him a great satirist. How near he came to being one is shown by verses like the following:

"'T is said by some that by and by the good  
Pope and his prelates will reform their ways:  
I tell you that a turnip has no blood,  
Nor sick folk health, nor can you hope to raise  
Syrup from vinegar to sauce your food:  
The Church will be reformed when summer days  
Come without gad-flies, when a butcher's store  
Has neither bones nor dogs about the door.  
"O Christians, with the hearts of Hebrews! ye  
Who make a mortal man your chief and head.  
Of these new Pharisees first Pharisee!  
Your soaring and immortal pinions spread  
For that starred shrine, where, through eternity,  
The Lamb of God is Pope, whose heart once bled  
That men, blind men, from yon pure font on high  
Might seek indulgence full and free for aye!"

MELVILLE B. ANDERSON.

#### A TEXT FROM HERBERT SPENCER.\*

Below the surface irritation or the affected indifference with which Americans often receive the criticisms of strangers upon their life and manners, there lies a good deal of real interest or curiosity, which becomes most

acute, and hence most unconcealable, whenever it happens that the critic is a Briton. Any criticism at all from such a source is by many regarded as an impertinence, and treated with loud intolerance. The habit of the American patriot has been in such cases to deny the charges first, and examine them, if at all, afterward. We are, fortunately for ourselves, getting a little beyond this. It is a mark of culture in a people, as in an individual, to be able to listen to respectful criticism good-naturedly; and it is a compliment to our national character to say that there are now and then those who can even listen profitably. Criticisms at once so sagacious and friendly as those made by Herbert Spencer, during his recent visit among us, should surely increase this number; as these criticisms have for thoughtful people an importance which should quickly overcome all habits of indifference or of prejudice.

The most noteworthy of Mr. Spencer's comments upon American life and character were made in the form of a newspaper "interview," and in his speech at the farewell banquet given him in New York. As any deliberate utterance of Mr. Spencer must possess much more than ephemeral value, the Appletons have rendered a timely service in rescuing these philosophic words from the hidden files of newspapers, and giving them to the public in a neat and inexpensive pamphlet. It contains, in addition to the "interview," and the speech of Mr. Spencer at the banquet, the remarks of the distinguished gentleman whose guest he was, and other interesting matters connected with his visit to our country; and affords a handy lesson to all interested in the study of our national characteristics. There is much in Mr. Spencer's words that is significant and suggestive; but it is the purpose of this brief article to touch upon one or two points only.

To the pertinent question, "Will not education and the diffusion of political knowledge fit men for free institutions?" Mr. Spencer made answer:

"No. It is essentially a question of character, and only in a secondary degree a question of knowledge. But for the universal delusion about education as a panacea for political evils, this would have been made sufficiently clear by the evidence daily disclosed in your papers. Are not the men who officer and control your federal, state, and municipal organizations—who manipulate your caucuses and conventions, and run your partisan campaigns, all educated men? And has their education prevented them from engaging in, or permitting, or condoning, the briberies, lobbyings, and other corrupt methods which vitiate the actions of your administrations? Perhaps party newspapers exaggerate

\* HERBERT SPENCER ON THE AMERICANS, AND THE AMERICANS ON HERBERT SPENCER. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

these things; but what am I to make of the testimony of your civil-service reformers—men of all parties? If I understand the matter aright, they are attacking, as vicious and dangerous, a system which has grown up under the natural spontaneous working of your free institutions—are exposing vices which education has proved powerless to prevent. \* \* \* Not lack of information, but lack of certain moral sentiments, is the root of the evil."

"You mean [rejoined his interlocutor] that people have not sufficient sense of public duty?"

"Well, that is one way of putting it; but there is a more specific way. Probably it will surprise you if I say that the American has not, I think, a sufficiently quick sense of his own claims, and at the same time, as a necessary consequence, not a sufficiently quick sense of the claims of others;—for the two traits are organically related."

Mr. Spencer has here touched upon a weakness not only of our body politic, but of our whole social system. The thought to which he has given such clear expression has lurked, unformulated, in many minds, and in stating it, he has touched an electric cord that thrills through many souls, producing an impression partly of confirmation and partly of revelation. Assuming that there is at least a measure of truth in Mr. Spencer's criticisms, where, we may profitably ask, are we to find the proper remedy for the evil? If it be true that the easy-going fashion in which we submit to encroachments upon our social and political rights is not wholly good-nature, but results, at least in part, from the weak hold that justice, as justice, has on our minds, where shall we look for the root of the matter, if not in the moral education of children? In this, we too often invert the pyramid; we begin at the apex instead of the base, and teach mercy before justice. Surely such unwise building is not calculated to produce a solid structure.

In any discussion of the principles of education, we cannot do better than refer to Herbert Spencer himself. In his valuable work upon this subject he devotes a long and interesting chapter to physical education, giving us the results of many years of careful observation and the closest study. His conclusions, which should be read and pondered by all who are interested in the training of children, are that there should be no discord between the instinctive wants of children and their habitual treatment; that nature and instinct are always to be trusted, and that no other guidance is worthy of confidence. In short, the ordinary tastes and instincts of children are given them for a wise purpose, and we ignore them at our peril. Suppose we apply this principle to moral education, and try to discover how far the failure of American adults to possess sufficiently clear

perceptions of justice is due to the absence of the sentiment of justice in American children. A French writer has said that childhood thirsts after justice; and many American parents and teachers know that this seems to be a child's strongest moral sentiment. Children are far quicker than grown persons to detect injustice, and to resent it; it is only in later life that they become callous to it. The sentiment of justice, far from developing, seems to dwindle as we advance in life; nor can we affirm that its diminution is due to the world's hard usage, for it generally becomes weakest among those who lead the most sheltered lives. As these weak perceptions of justice are not to be accounted for by any lack of the sentiment of justice in children, they must be due to its non-cultivation. J. J. Rousseau, in his work on education ("Emile"), points out that the sentiment of justice is most effectually awakened and fostered in a little child by telling him of his rights, rather than by insisting only on his duties toward others; and for this reason: a child is the centre of the universe to himself, and apprehends best what touches him nearest. His first notions of justice are not derived from his obligations to others, but from the obligations of others to him. Rousseau does not say that a child should not be taught his duty toward his neighbor; but that the sentiment of justice should first be fixed in a child's mind by what touches himself, in order that it may be clearly apprehended. Certainly the contrary method—that of instructing a child only in his duty toward his neighbor—has had a fair trial, with no very brilliant result. Generation after generation of American children have been taught, both at home and in the Sunday-school, the higher spiritual doctrines of self-sacrifice and generosity, even before they could speak plainly; and yet many of these children have grown up to be dishonest men and insincere women. We attempt too much, too soon; we are so anxious to force open the bud that we neglect to water the root. Mr. Spencer tells us that vague conceptions of *mine* mean also vague conceptions of *thine*; and much of this fatal vagueness on the subject of our own rights and our neighbor's goods can be traced to false impressions given in childhood. Children are taught that giving away things, even before they have the slightest conception of value, is generosity, and that cant about loving everybody is highly virtuous and praiseworthy. They should rather be taught that the utterance of amiable phrases is not loving one's neighbor, any more than the giving of what costs us nothing is generosity.

Too much care cannot be taken in keeping to the simple elements of morality in training the young, and leaving the higher spiritual truths to be apprehended in later life. Rousseau gives an anecdote that very well illustrates this fact. He was dining one day at the home of a French nobleman, whose little son related to the company the well-known story of Alexander the Great drinking medicine from the hands of his physician, who had been accused of plotting to poison him. The little fellow spoke with enthusiasm and apparent appreciation of the conqueror's courage and magnanimity. Rousseau, surprised at the child's moral precocity, questioned him, and found, to his amusement, that he admired Alexander's courage in taking bitter medicine without a word of complaint. The conqueror's heroism, from this point of view, appealed to the little lad all the more that a few weeks previous he had been obliged to take some bitter medicine himself, when he had behaved in a very unheroic manner. He confided to Rousseau his resolve to emulate Alexander the Great in future; and Rousseau encouraged him in this laudable determination, without seeking to enlighten him further. For this wise reticence, Rousseau showed true tact as an educator; for the child had already made the best possible application, for him, of his anecdote: he had assimilated what he could put in practice in daily life.

A quotation from Saint Marc Girardin fitly epitomizes these few suggestions: "The preponderance of thought and words over action is—to sum up in one word—weakness."

KATE BYAM MARTIN.

#### A SCIENTIFIC ROMANCE.\*

We have here a very notable book. It is not a work of science; nor is it a pure romance: it is science romanticized; it is Jules-Vernean. Like the author's "Atlantis," it is based on a wide and varied accumulation of facts, histories, and myths, juxtaposed and intertwined by a bold and inventive imagination, and garnished with graphic phraseology and a glowing style, which ranges from the didactic to the epigrammatic, and from the descriptive to the poetic. Though not learned, nor original, save in its fundamental conception and in its application of the data of science and mythologies, the work will be read with curious interest by the learned; and though it draws perpetually on the treasures of sci-

tific and ethnic lore, the unlearned will pore over its pages with eagerness and delight. It will be understood, therefore, that "Ragnarok" is a strong and brilliant literary production, which will command the interest of general readers, and the admiration and respect, if not the universal credence, of the conservative and the scientific.

Extraordinary as is the hypothesis that the "Drift" phenomena of geology are the result of collision with a comet's tail, the author bends himself to the proof, like another Whiston, with all the earnestness and sobriety of deep conviction. He gleans a body of geological facts, mixes them with some errors, and with geological theories living and defunct, and spreads them out for a foundation. He completes his foundation, however, with a compound of cometary facts, fancies, and assumptions. Every part is preadjusted ingeniously to the requirements of the superstructure which is to be reared. Then he builds his speculation, and every timber in it finds happily some special and strong support in that wonderful foundation. Our knowledge of comets is found to be the exact counterpart of our knowledge of the Drift. The inevitable incidents of a cometary collision would be such as geological records testify; and all the myths of the nations are the imperishable and astounding reminiscences of an event which transformed the face of half the earth. One cannot repress a smile at the composure and assurance with which myth is made to confirm the hypothesis, and the hypothesis is summoned to interpret the myth. The writer's ingenuity is admirable. But the query perpetually recurs: Is he really in earnest, or does he mean all this for a grand joke? He seems sometimes like one pleading in a moot court. If some of the facts were not so questionable, and some of the mythic applications so strained, and the credulity of the writer so protrusive, one would think him in "dead earnest," preaching like a very Luther to an obliquitous and perverse auditory. But these circumstances impress one as imperfections in the disguise of a dramatic representation. We seem at times to catch the sidelong wink of the eye which perceives the stage array of appearances. We seem to see the half-suppressed smile upon a face of made-up sobriety; and we follow the actor behind the scenes, and hear his outburst of merriment over the success of his deceptions.

Perhaps we misjudge the ingenious author. Perhaps he will feel grieved at the suspicion of romancing. Perhaps he comes before the world with the "burden" of a new doctrine to proclaim. It is conceivable that he has turned

\* RAGNAROK: THE AGE OF FIRE AND GRAVEL. By Ignatius Donnelly. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

back again and again with reluctance to promulgate so unacceptable a teaching, and been swallowed by a whale and spewed out again before he could be brought to proclaim to Nineveh a message so stunning. Let us receive the message, then, with gravity. It would be sad to interpret a serious enunciation as a *jeu d'esprit*; it will be pardonable to treat a smileless joke as a bit of serious doctrine.

This means that the critic assumes the risk of a jeer in pointing out some of the weak places in Mr. Donnelly's theory viewed as a serious attempt to express his own convictions. He concludes, for instance, that all the western half of North America and nearly the whole of Asia are destitute of Drift deposits. This conclusion is supported by some opinions and conjectures recorded by geologists before adequate researches had been instituted. It is now admitted that glacial Drift stretches in North America to the Pacific coast; that it occurs in elevated regions as far south as Colorado, Nevada, and California; though near the coast, and at low levels, the continuity of the Drift cannot be traced to as low a latitude as in the interior. As to northern Asia, the evidence of its absence is quite inconclusive. The *tundras* of Siberia are an alluvial deposit, not improbably overlying and concealing the older "till." He also assumes it as a fact that glacial deposits cover tropical America; but the only support of this assumption is the preconception of the elder Agassiz, which he thought he found justified by observation. But even Prof. Hartt, who at first yielded to such authority, subsequently abandoned the opinion. Its untenability has also been shown by Prof. Orton and by the present writer. These badly grounded assumptions of the presence of intertropical Drift, and the absence of Drift from northern Asia and western America, are the chief objections brought against the accepted theory of continental glaciation. They are also chief props of the theory of a cometic collision. The author assumes, also, that the glacial pebbles are wholly granitic, and makes this an evidence of their cometary origin. But on the contrary, a large portion of these pebbles and boulders bear evidences of sedimentary origin. Even if all granitic, such origin is still probable. Further, the severity of the cold requisite to maintain glaciers is not, as the author supposes, "some degrees below zero" of Fahrenheit's scale, but of the centigrade scale. Such a temperature in latitude 40 degrees would not exterminate tropical vegetation as assumed; hence the persistence of such vegetation is no proof against northern glaciation. Still another unfounded assumption in refer-

ence to the Drift is that the northern *fjords* are clefts in the rocks caused by convulsions dating from the age of Drift. Why then are they not found in Brazil? Again, the disturbances of preglacial times and the concomitant trappean eruptions are synchronized with the Drift phenomena, while in fact they occurred geologic aeons before. Finally, our author goes too fast when he assumes that "great heat is a prerequisite" to glaciation, and that the formation of so much ice would exhaust the oceans. All the heat requisite to produce the vapor could exist in contiguous regions further south; and the water-supply demanded by former northern glaciation is, as we believe, now employed in maintaining southern glaciation. The icy accumulation alternates between north and south, while the ocean supply remains unchanged.

These may serve as examples of sober criticisms from the scientific side. We could pick some flaws, also, with our brilliant author's conception of comets. He conceives a comet to consist of a vast amount of matter, quite against the indications of their gravitational powerlessness. He thinks they are natives of our system, and are simply old planets which have been blown up—exploded. Upon a cooling planet a solid crust forms sufficiently rigid to sustain its own weight; while, with further shrinkage, "a vast space is formed between the crust and the core." By and by, "a convulsion of the surface creates a great chasm in the crust, and the ocean rushes in and fills up part of the cavity; a tremendous quantity of steam is formed, too great to escape by the aperture through which it entered, an explosion takes place, and the crust \* \* \* is blown into a million fragments. The great molten ball within remains intact, though sorely torn; in its centre is still the force we call gravity; the fragments of the crust cannot fly off into space; they are constrained to follow the master-power lodged in the ball, which now becomes the nucleus of a comet, still blazing and burning and vomiting flames, and wearing itself away. The catastrophe has disarranged its course, but it still revolves in a prolonged orbit around the sun, carrying its broken *débris* in a long trail behind it." The only objection to this theory is its physical impossibility. No "space" could ever exist between the crust and the nucleus. The crust would collapse like clay. Nor could any action taking place on the body alter in the least its path in space. We will not pause to consider how, if the tail follows "behind," it happens to be in front after the comet's perihelion; nor how, amongst the crashing and colliding fragments of the tail, their longest diameters could be always turned



forward; nor how, in this view, the tail could always be turned from the sun, since at perihelion its "stones" must sometimes move a million miles a second; nor how "magnetic waves passing through the comet" could be originated, or could, if originated, act so as to "produce that marvellous separation of the constituents of granite which we have found to exist in the Drift clays"; nor how Dr. Hahn's fanciful and farcical identification of organic forms in meteorites lends any confirmation to this view of the origin of comets; nor how Lexell's comet could have covered Jupiter's surface "one hundred miles thick with gravel and clay," if there was not sufficient substance in it to move one of Jupiter's satellites "one hair's breadth" out of its course.

This great catastrophe, so certified by the records of geology and by the nature of comets, is further established by the testimony of mankind. Men lived, as our author maintains—against the verdict of the London Anthropological Society—during the middle and later Tertiary time. They witnessed and felt the awful cataclysm, and the events imbedded themselves in the memory of races. We find in this connection some sound but advanced views respecting the significance of myths. We admit that the author displays the results of great research and remarkable ingenuity in fitting the myths of men to one stage or another of the supposed rain of stones, intense heat, poisonous gases, splitting of rocks, clouded and darkened skies, profuse precipitation, destructive frost and prolonged cave-life. Such an accumulation of sagas, all looking apparently toward similar physical conditions, is itself a valuable and striking result. Without doubt, many of these traditions refer to events having more or less analogy with those assumed to be attributable to a cometic collision. But it must be confessed that the author has forsaken the methods of rigid criticism. His interpretations are too often scaffolded by such phrases as "doubtless," "probably," "we may believe," "it must have been," and similar dubitative expressions. He goes over the legends of the Hindoos, Persians, Britons, Chinese, Greeks, Scandinavians, Central Americans, North and South American Indians, Aztecs, Toltecs, Quichés, Peruvians, Babylonians, Egyptians, and Arabians, and finds allusions to fire and flames, to hail and darkness, frost and suffering, life in caves, apparitions in the heavens, apparent changes of climate, and other physical events. In all these he sees the comet's work. Then the myths of the world record terrible conflicts with dragons and wolves and serpents and

incredible monsters of land and sea and sky and in all these our entertaining author thinks he sees the comet. The Greek fable of Phaëthon commemorates the comet. The calamities of Job are only the work of the comet; and even the Genesiactal account of the creation of the world does not present difficulties too bristling for the enormous oesophagus of our author's credulity.

That is, provided he is serious. Mr. Donnelly will have to write an appendix to this book before we shall know whether to take him for a jolly joker or a genial crank. Meantime, the interest of his work is all the same.

ALEXANDER WINCHELL.

#### BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

THE "Letters of Lydia Maria Child" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) will be accepted as a precious legacy by many readers. They are interfused with the spirit of a woman of an exalted type, who was capable of the loftiest heroism and the sweetest humility, who could command the homage of the public by her literary talents and was content to bury herself in the obscurity of a complete seclusion, who could have been the centre of distinguished social circles, and voluntarily chose the privacy of a retired and isolated domestic life. It is a singularly inspiring influence they produce; for they are the record of a character which exhaled purity, strength, and cheeriness, as unconsciously as the flower exhales its perfume. The biographical sketch, by John G. Whittier, which precedes the letters, shows how tenderly Mrs. Child was regarded by her contemporaries in the world of letters. She was born in 1802, early in that decade of our century which saw the birth of so many illustrious men and women of America. Her childhood was passed in Medford, Massachusetts, where she gained a limited school education. Diligence in reading and a good deal of original thinking made up for the deficiencies of school discipline, and at the age of fifteen she was discussing in letters to her brother—the Rev. Francis Convers, afterward theological professor at Yale College—the masterpieces of English literature, with surprising breadth of comprehension and affluence of language. It was but another example of the power of selection and assimilation in a mind endowed with insight, enthusiasm, and invention. At twenty, Mrs. Child had published her first story, "Hobomok," whose popularity induced her to bring out in rapid succession five other works of an imaginative or didactic character. At twenty-four she established the "Juvenile Miscellany," the first English periodical devoted exclusively to children. During the following seven years, her fame as a writer was constantly increasing, and there stretched before her the fairest prospects of future influence and prosperity. But her strong philanthropic impulses led her to espouse the cause of anti-slavery, and in 1833 she ranged herself publicly with the despised

ranks of the abolitionists, knowing perfectly how deep and lasting must be the sacrifice it would cost her. The effect was immediate upon the sale of her books, the distribution of her magazine, her pecuniary income, and her social position. She was proscribed, impoverished, persecuted, but she never wavered nor hesitated. As before, the goal of her aim was outside of herself, was the good of others; and however thorny the path leading to it, she was confident of her duty and serene in its pursuit. Her patience, fortitude, courage, and cheerfulness, as evinced in her life and her letters, are a marvellous lesson in high and heroic virtues. A few noble, unselfish souls like herself still clung to her in friendship and affection, while the strong, brave tone of her conduct and writings compelled the respect of even the enemies of the movement with which she had identified herself. After a battle of nearly twenty years for the cause most dear to her, she removed from New York, where she had been editing the "Anti-Slavery Standard," to Wayland, Massachusetts, a little town lying some distance off the railroad. For the remainder of her life she dwelt in this retired spot with her husband, occupying what she playfully describes as a "shanty with two rooms and an attic," situated on a small farm belonging to them. Here, she writes, "we spent twenty-two pleasant years, entirely alone, without any domestic, mutually serving each other, and dependent upon each other for intellectual companionship." Mr. Child was a man of unusual intellectual attainments and simplicity of feeling. The union between the pair was singularly complete in purpose and taste, and each leaned upon and trusted in the other. From youth to old age, they were affectionate and devoted lovers, and in their humble home in Wayland nothing was wanting to their happiness. From her secluded retreat, some of Mrs. Child's ablest writings emanated. It was here that she produced her great work on "The Progress of Religious Ideas," her first contribution to the science of religion. Notwithstanding her remoteness from the centres of the world's activity, she maintained a close mental alliance with its thought and achievements. She had long passed the period of her own prominence, when her death occurred, in 1880; but to the last hour of life, her intellect was bright and vigorous. The volume of letters, with the feeling sketch by Whittier, the earnest eulogy by Wendell Phillips, and her own portrait attached, most happily revives her memory, impressing us anew with the graces and gifts of a beautiful and elevated spirit.

THE wife and widow of the great Norse violinist has written a memoir of "Ole Bull" which is an admirable delineation of his character and genius. It re-creates the very essence and spirit of the man, bringing him before us with all the charm of his rich and genial nature, and of the fine gifts and qualities of his musical art. While helping us to a truer and keener appreciation of his rare faculties, it exhibits the intimate sympathy the writer was capable of affording him in the near relation she occupied, her delicate appreciation of his talents,

and her tender admiration of the personal traits which gave him so warm a place in many hearts. The memoir makes plain the fact that Ole Bull stood alone among musicians. He was not to be judged as we judge the violinist in ordinary cases. He played by inspiration, and not by rule. It was his own soul that spoke through his violin, and the range of his deep and fervid passions was expressed by the instrument with an eloquence and power that were strongly electrifying. Men of mere talent and training do not thrill and sway the multitude as he did. It was the outpouring of that moving and magnetic current of feeling which passes under the name of genius, that enables him to play on the hearts of his listeners as he played on the strings of his Stradivarius. He was veritably a magician who roused and enraptured emotion by means he could not explain himself and no other could explain for him. It was complained, as it was complained of Gottschalk, that he performed chiefly his own compositions, declining or avoiding an interpretation of the works of the old acknowledged masters. But he, like Gottschalk, had a sufficient mission to perform in the interpretation of his own impassioned visions and conceptions; and musicians of the highest rank have envied both violinist and pianist the wonderful power of interpretation by which they achieved inimitable effects. The musical career of Ole Bull was very much like that of Paganini. One was the embodiment of the genius of the North; the other, the incarnation of the spirit of the South. Both owed more to the divine afflatus than to the teaching of the schools, and both were more indebted to peculiarities in their physical organization than the world recognizes. In each instance, it was the remarkably long and flexible arms and the similar conformation of the hands which enabled the player to accomplish with ease positions and passages which astonish and baffle the average virtuoso. It is seldom that nature constitutes a being with extraordinary intellectual intuitions and impulses, and then endows him with equally exceptional physical qualifications, allowing a perfect translation of thought into action, of conception into representation; and when she does, mankind pronounce her work a phenomenon. Such were Ole Bull and Paganini. At the close of the delightful story of her husband's life, Mrs. Bull has published a paper by Dr. Crosby, on the anatomy of the violinist, with reference to the pose and method of Ole Bull in holding his instrument, and a collection of "violin notes" by the great player, which are of especial value to musicians. To these are added a number of loving tributes in prose and verse, dedicated to the memory of Ole Bull by distinguished friends. A fine steel portrait of the violinist, after a photograph taken in 1878, and a drawing by F. O. C. Darley, made on his first visit to the United States, enrich the memoir. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

ONE of the marvellous records of the daring and endurance of the special newspaper correspondent is given in two bulky octavo volumes entitled "The Merv Oasis," by Edward O'Donovan. The account

is by no means confined to the personal adventures of Mr. O'Donovan, but combines with them a description of the almost unknown region in Central Asia, which was the scene of an important military movement accomplished by Gen. Skobeloff in 1880-81. Mr. O'Donovan was despatched by the London "Daily News" to the trans-Caspian district to procure all the intelligence within his power concerning the alleged advance of the Russian army against the stronghold of Merv. Finding it impossible to obtain permission of the commanding general to remain with the Russian troops and note the events of the campaign, he persisted in maintaining a close proximity, and in the midst of incredible hardships and dangers, picking up what news of the situation could be got in the circumstances. His journey began at Trebizond, on the Black Sea, in February, 1879, and by land and water routes was continued to Tchikislor and Kiasnavodsk on the eastern shore of the Caspian Sea. From these points the ways were devious, and always rough and perilous, which carried him through the disputed territory of the Persians and the wild races abounding in the northern frontier. Sickness, with innumerable other baffling obstacles, hindered the progress of the solitary but intrepid traveller; yet he finally pushed his way to Merv, where he made an enforced stay of five months. He was hedged about with every difficulty arising from the savage character of the Tekkes, Turcomans, and other ferocious tribes by whom he was surrounded, but still continued to gain a vast amount of curious information concerning the country and its inhabitants. His success in discovering the aim and conduct of the Russian movement toward Merv was slight, and he wisely refrained in his reports from prejudiced statements or unfounded conjectures. His narrative extends over a sojourn of about three years in Asia, and is valuable for the new and searching light it throws upon a region which must continue to grow in interest to the world as it comes under the rule of the Russian government and is thus subjected to the influences of European civilization. It is now as barbaric as one of our Indian reservations, and as unsafe to the intruding white man. The hordes possessing it occupy a higher plane in the scale of intelligence than our aborigines, yet are not more humanized, or less fierce and untamable. Mr. O'Donovan relates his story with the modesty of a true hero, and in the concise and direct style of the trained journalist. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

A LADY of a sincerely inquiring mind wrote not long ago to one of our leading illustrated magazines to ask if the new styles of wood-engraving in popular use in these periodicals were to be accepted as meritorious. Provided they were evidences of a real advance in the art of wood-cutting, and to be prized as such, she wished to be assured of the fact, because the pictures themselves were often so puzzling in character, and so far removed from the old standards of good and fine engraving, she was utterly at a loss what to think of them. She was informed by the authority applied to that

the methods of modern engraving which proved so bewildering were legitimate and entitled to the highest praise. Whether the reply settled the doubts of the querist and enabled her to take an honest satisfaction in the novel and startling effects of the burin which are the fashion of the day is not stated, but she and other intelligent persons seeking for a clear understanding of the merits of old and new achievements in this department of art will do well to look over Mr. Woodberry's "History of Wood Engraving" (Harpers). The publication at nearly the same moment of two such excellent works as the above and the "History of Wood Engraving in America," by W. J. Linton, indicates the popular interest in this form of art. Engraving has become with Americans the most abundant, the cheapest, and most universally pleasing type of pictorial art. It is owing to the enterprise of our publishers that its best products are scattered broadcast on the pages of low-priced books, newspapers, and periodicals, and carry their educating and refining influences into the humblest homes in the land. As we are the greatest readers in the world, it follows naturally that the art of embellishing our books and journals with illustrations should receive proportionate encouragement, and attain a degree of development, if not of excellence, seldom elsewhere reached. Indeed, wood engraving has become so important an adjunct to our literature that we demand it wherever its presence would be an aid to the understanding or a gratification of the æsthetic sense. Where an art is so constantly employed its history should be generally known, and a book like this by Mr. Woodberry ought to secure a wide circulation. It reviews the progress of wood engraving from its origin to the present day, interspersing the text with copious specimens of the works produced in different countries by the earliest and the greatest artists who have used the graver. The chapter on modern wood engraving has a more personal interest for us than any other, showing, as it does, quite decisively the beauties and defects of the prominent examples of what may be called the American school. It is but justice to a class who minister so largely to our intellectual pleasures that we should have an intelligent idea with regard to the talent, the standing, and the characteristics of our chief engravers, and be able to estimate at their correct value the various styles and qualities of the work they exhibit.

In the preface to "Aubert Dubayet, or the Two Sister Republics" (J. R. Osgood & Co.), the distinguished author, Charles Gayarré, informs the public that the substance of the work "is history; the form only is romance. It cannot, therefore, be properly called a novel. It is history, but with its nudities embellished under the glittering gossamer veil of fiction." A more incorrect description of the book could hardly have been given, since there is in its pages very little either of romance or fiction, and the useful historical facts are too meagre to justify the title of history. He who, by the mere preface, should be allured to its perusal, would assuredly be disappointed if he were in search of either his-



tory, romance, or fiction. The first chapter alone is clothed in the guise of romance; and its characters, except the prominent figure of Aubert Dubayet, are thenceforward entirely dropped from the pages, together with all semblance of a tale; Dubayet himself only appearing as a central figure around which are grouped the more important personages whose political views are represented. The body of the work is composed of a series of discussions of the political philosophy of the American and French Revolution, enlivened by such episodes as the career of Charlotte Corday and the last supper of the Girondists. A fourth part of the volume is given to some of the leading events of the American Revolution, with the political views and opinions of General Washington during those trying times, as set forth in Irving's *Life of the great patriot*, and a general discussion of his personal character. The remainder is devoted to the French Revolution, and made up almost entirely of discussions and dialogues between Mirabeau, La Fayette, Robespierre, the Abbé Sieyès, Talleyrand, Gouverneur Morris the American Minister, and other prominent characters; the whole philosophy of that great upheaval is thoroughly discussed according to the individual bent of those actors in the great drama, together with the peculiar and differing views of Hamilton and Jefferson, the latter of whom is evidently no favorite with the author. The opinions of the speakers are mainly taken from their writings at different periods during the Revolutionary era; and the author has succeeded in portraying the individual characters and mental constitutions of those great men in a much more forcible manner than is done in the pages of ordinary history. His method of putting in the mouths of the speakers the views expressed in their writings, guarantees the faithfulness of his delineation; while his general system familiarizes the reader with the lives and characters and opinions of those historical personages, fixes them in the memory, and gives a clear insight into the principles which underlie that great revolution in the minds of those actors who were at once the leaders and followers of the popular ideas of the time and age. The book is valuable to the student of history, as a collection of the political views and reasonings of the apostles of so-called Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. The intention of the work, however, is evidently to convey to the American people a warning against the too rapid and radical advance of democratic ideas in this country. Stripped of its useless pretence of romance, the work would be likely to reach the more thoughtful minds for which it was really written. Meritorious as it is; we cannot but think it marred by this defect.

MR. THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY has accomplished a piece of work, in his biography of "James Fenimore Cooper," which he may regard with justifiable pride. It is unpretending in dimensions, being restricted to the limits set for the series of "American Men of Letters" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) to which it belongs; yet it is so ably done that it may be called a masterpiece of its kind. The opportu-

nity it gave the author of conferring justice upon a much abused writer, and restoring him to his proper place in American literature, was fortuitous; for, being generously used, it intensifies the favor with which other conspicuous merits of the book are received. Mr. Lounsbury entered upon his task with the advantages of an impartial judgment, a penetrating mind, broad culture, a habit of reflection, and practice in the art of writing. These accomplishments he rounded out by a thorough study of the writings of Mr. Cooper and a careful sifting of all the evidence relating to his public and private life. It is a reproach to our country that it should have failed to estimate the talents of the great novelist at their true value in his lifetime, and that since his death so long a period should elapse without an adequate effort being made to accord him the full honor he deserved. A glance at his portrait presented in the biography tells the whole story of his unfortunate experience. The high intellectuality, the sensitiveness, the pride, the obstinacy, the keen sense of honor, the unyielding resolution, the sorrow of deep wounds, are all stamped on his face in the plainest signs, and declare why he made so many and such bitter enemies, when all the world, and especially his own nation, should have been his admirers and friends. It is a sad page in our literary history which records his career. The genius which illuminated his best stories and reflected credit on his native land, the great and lasting popularity which they commanded not only from English readers but from readers in every cultivated tongue, the ignorance, jealousy, and ill-nature which forbade their proper recognition by his fellow-countrymen, the quarrels with the press and with his own neighborhood which embittered his later life and were a stain upon all concerned,—these form a narrative which it is painful and mortifying to reflect upon. It is therefore with uncommon gratification that we read the biography by Mr. Lounsbury, which sets the man and author in the right light at last. The candor with which Mr. Lounsbury treats alike the faults, the virtues, and the wrongs of Mr. Cooper, gains for him a feeling of gratitude, and for the novelist the sympathy, charity and sincere esteem, of which he has been too long defrauded.

PROFESSOR JAMES BALDWIN'S "Introduction to the Study of English Literature and Literary Criticism" (John E. Potter & Co.), of which only the first volume, devoted to poetry, has yet appeared, is upon a new plan which was well worth trying. After two chapters devoted respectively to Anglo-Saxon poetry and to poetry of the transition period, there are a dozen chapters in each of which one department of poetical literature (as epic, lyric, dramatic, etc.) is historically treated. This treatment by classes has obvious advantages as well as disadvantages. One advantage is that it shows distinctly in what categories the wealth of English literature lies, and in what it is poor. There are indexes respectively of authors, of poems, and of criticisms, so that in case the student should wish to depart from the plan of the work and study literature by authors



instead of by classes, it would still be easy to do so. The author recognizes the importance of an acquaintance on the part of the student with the best criticism, and perhaps the greater part of the comments consists of quotations, made generally with good judgment, from critics of acknowledged eminence; though it seems odd to see Shaw gravely set on a level with Hallam, Lowell, Warton, etc. The danger of random reading is still further guarded against by the very full lists, inserted at the close of each chapter, of texts and historical and critical works relating to the subjects and works under discussion. Not the least of the merits of the book is that it gives due space to the best American poets; though the absence of any reference to Emerson is an omission which is more charitably to be accounted for as a blunder than a deliberate intention. The poets treated are Barlow, Bryant, Wm. Allen Butler, Holland, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Poe, Saxe, Bayard Taylor, Trumbull, Whitman, Whittier. Many of these receive but the briefest mention, but the treatment is usually sound. Some of the notices are like sign-boards, with the Carlylean legend, "Dry rubbish shot here." Of course such a work may be misused to the promotion of chatter about books instead of familiarity with letters; but this one is perhaps as well adapted as any to send the student to the authors of which it treats. It would be misleading not to mention that the book contains many errors, some of which may be typographical, while others must be laid at the author's door. These should be corrected in a second edition.

THE vast empire of Russia, which extends through nearly one hundred and seventy degrees of longitude east from Greenwich (making almost a hemisphere), and through about forty degrees of north latitude, is the subject of an interesting volume, historical and descriptive, by John Geddie, favorably known as the author of a volume of African travel and exploration. The work sketches the historical development of the Russian empire from its small beginnings to its present vast proportions, which embrace one-seventh of the land surface and about one-twentysixth of the entire surface of the globe. The germs of this great empire were planted in the forests of Novgorod, a small province situated east of St. Petersburg, about the year 862. In the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, Russia was tributary to, and greatly oppressed by, the Mongols. The yoke of tyranny thus imposed by the Tartars of the Golden Horde was borne until the sixteenth century, when it was thrown off by Ivan the Terrible. This monarch and Peter the Great (1672-1725) did an immense work in consolidating, extending and strengthening the empire. Its greatest territorial expansion, however, has been brought about by means of war and treaty, within the last twenty-five years, or since 1858. The story of this development, though greatly condensed, has been told by Mr. Geddie in a very clear and attractive style. Mingled with and enlivening the historical narrative are descriptions of the physical features of the country, its antiquities, its great

cities, past and present, the condition and habits of its peasant people, and an account of life in the great forests and on the vast tundra lands which are level, treeless and barren wastes. A very interesting account is given of Siberia, its conquest, its climate, its society, its mines, and its exiles. The intelligent reader is also afforded a pretty distinct view of the political condition of the country, of its corrupt military bureaucracy, "that has almost said its last word," of its people, still "almost dumb and blind, and only half conscious that they have rights and grievances," and of the plotting Nihilists who would cure the ills of society by "the total destruction of order and law." Mr. Geddie's work is a valuable contribution to Russian history, brought down to the present day. It has maps and an index. (Published by Thos. Nelson's Sons.)

AMONG the "Questions of the Day," that which concerns the present condition of our American commerce is pressing steadily to the front, and demanding the attention of economists and statesmen. Very fitly, therefore, have the Putnams given a place in their valuable series to the brief treatise on "Our Merchant Marine," by David A. Wells. The author has made the subject a special study, and presents a valuable compend of facts bearing upon it. It embodies a concise historical sketch of the development, prosperity, and decadence of the American merchant marine, a compact statement of the provisions of our present navigation laws and of England's policy in repealing her laws of a similar character, and a full discussion of the causes of its decay and of the means of restoring our merchant marine to the place which it once had and which it ought ever to have in the commerce of the world. No candid student of political economy can afford to overlook this presentation. However the author's conclusions may be regarded, the facts cannot be questioned. The whole discussion indicates that the issue between the advocates of a "protective tariff" and of "free-trade" must turn on the main question whether our national policy shall be that of Chinese and mediæval isolation and antagonism with the rest of the world, or one of universal goodwill in mutual exchange, which identifies the highest self-interest of each nation with the true interests of all others, and so is always constructive, never destructive, in its aims. The world's history clearly teaches that productive home-industry and enterprising foreign commerce are the two handmaids whose joint and reciprocal agency builds up a nation in breadth of character and in all material prosperity. This book is well adapted to instruct our people, and to prompt our legislators to some action which shall correct past mistakes and send forth our flag to achieve on the ocean the legitimate triumphs of peace and honorable enterprise.

SAMUEL KINNS, PH.D., Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, Member of the Biblical Archaeological Society, Principal of the College, Highbury, New Park, writes of "The Harmony of the Bible with Science, or Moses and Geology," and

Cassell, Peter, Galpin & Co. publish his work in handsome style, and embellished with one hundred and ten illustrations. Some of these illustrations show an almost terrifying power of imagination, as, for instance, the "ideal fight between an Iguanodon and a Megalosaurus," or "an imaginary fight between an Ichthyosaurus and a Plesiosaurus." Most of the illustrations, however, are a help to the elucidation of the text. Of the latter not much praise can be given. The author, evidently aiming to be simple in his style, has succeeded in being puerile; as in the opening sentences, where, quoting from "one of our most popular physicists" the words, "To make them square with science, new meanings have been found for the beautiful myths and stories of the Bible," he replies: "To this I would propose two amendments, first by substituting the words *sublime truths* for 'beautiful myths,' and, secondly, by so altering and transposing the other portions of the sentence that it should read," etc., etc. In this feeble and flatulent style the author carries on his scientific discussions. He has brought together a great mass of unclassified facts in nature, whose relations he often does not perceive, and whose lessons he inadequately interprets. As a discussion of the theme of which it assumes to treat, the book is of no value.

SINCE its first publication, more than twenty-five years ago, Mätzner's *Französische Grammatik* has steadily held its place in the estimation of scholars, as the best book of its kind in existence. An equally authoritative work in the English language has long been a desideratum. This Professor James A. Harrison, of Washington and Lee University, has supplied in his "French Syntax" (John E. Potter & Co.), a work in every way a credit to American scholarship. It is described upon the title-page as based upon Mätzner; but it is much more than a translation, the author having added many things not found in the German work, such as tables of various kinds, and a chapter on Prosody. Though modestly styled "a syntax, not a grammar," the work is made complete as a reference-book or textbook by a brief historical grammar, a sufficient treatment of etymology, and a full chapter on phonology. On the whole, for American and English use, this book will prove much more useful than a literal translation of Mätzner's monumental work would have been. It fulfils its purpose, which is, as stated by the author, "to enable home-students, teachers, senior classes in colleges and universities, and other inquirers into the niceties of the most polished of European languages, to find without trouble what is allowed and what is not in that language."

MR. GEORGE RAWLINSON, the eminent scholar and historian, concluded his noble contribution to the world's knowledge of the ancient nations of the East with a treatise in two volumes upon "The Seventh Great Oriental Monarchy," which was issued several years ago in England and now appears in a handsome American edition, from new plates, pub-

lished by Dodd, Mead & Co. The monarchy treated is the Sassanian or New Persian empire, and the work compresses into a single coherent narrative the entire sum of information concerning this kingdom which has been gathered by ancient and modern savants. It covers the period between the revolt of Persia from the Parthian rule in the third century and its subjection by the followers of Mohammed in the seventh. The career of the successive monarchs who maintained the empire during this term is portrayed with much fulness, together with the life of the common people, the character of their religion, their civil customs, their knowledge of the arts, their rank in civilization, and the extent and physical features of the country they inhabited. The first work in the great historical series published by Mr. Rawlinson was dedicated to the present premier of England a quarter of a century ago, and in inscribing this latest one to the same distinguished personage he alludes touchingly to the probability that it may be his last. Mr. Rawlinson is now in his sixty-eighth year, and he may well rest content with the literary monument he has raised to his memory. It is the product of ardent labors and fine scholarship. The book has copious notes, fine illustrations, and good indexes.

"THE Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford" is a very attractive title. It suggests interviews with the choicest personages in the literary and social circles of two hemispheres; for no woman in her generation was more widely beloved than the author of "Our Village," "Rienzi," and "Ather-ton." The book consists of letters from the correspondents of Miss Mitford, edited by the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange, and is published by Harper & Brothers. It is somewhat disappointing because of the number of letters admitted from writers of little distinction, or which in themselves are devoid of interest. Nevertheless there is a considerable list of epistles which one reads with avidity. First among these are letters from Ruskin shortly after his marriage; from Miss Barrett when confined to her sick room in England; from Mrs. Holland, a most sprightly writer, whose name has now to be hunted out from the forgotten notabilities of her time; from N. P. Willis, Mrs. Howitt, and Mr. Fields. The letters as a whole are not signal examples of a brilliant literary correspondence. A collection from Miss Mitford herself by far surpasses the rest in interest. It would be strange if in the mass of communications from cultivated persons there should not be many bright things said and many bits of gossip news given about famous people and events which are worth gleaning. It is from such sources that much of the interior history of lives attracting the curiosity of the public is derived.

MR. FREEMAN'S two series of "Lectures to American Audiences" (Porter & Coates) have quite different characters and values. Both are equally characteristic of their author—they bear his stamp unmistakably on every page; but the one was designed as a popular course, the other as an academic

course. The first, "The English People in its Three Homes," is a very agreeable, but, it must be confessed, very diluted, presentation of Mr. Freeman's most familiar and most fundamental ideas upon English history. If there was any person in his audiences at Boston and Baltimore to whom these ideas were new, nothing better could be desired than the way in which they are presented here—with reiteration, expansion in the highest degree, happy illustration, and argument spun out into the minutest detail; and all in a very genial tone and spirit. The other course of lectures, more academic in its character, upon "The Practical Bearings of General European History," was read at Ithaca, New Haven, and Philadelphia, and the author was "both surprised and pleased to find it appreciated as it was by large and more general audiences." There was no occasion for surprise. It is an admirable set of lectures—more solid, certainly, than the first course, but far from abstruse or dry. The audience which found the first course too simple and familiar, would enjoy this heartily; while even the few to whom Mr. Freeman's commonplaces are a novelty, need not find it above their comprehension, or fail to enjoy it.

OUT of the fulness of a great love and reverence for the departed seer, Mr. Moncure D. Conway has written a volume of annals and reminiscences, which he has given to the public under the title of "Emerson at Home and Abroad" (James R. Osgood & Co.). Mr. Conway was connected by warm personal ties with the eminent philosopher. In his lonely and inexperienced youth he had appealed to Emerson for counsel and instruction, and they were generously and kindly accorded him. During his college term at Cambridge, and at later periods in life, he had sojourned in Concord and been a welcome visitor in the house of Emerson and a frequent companion in his daily walks. To the last he maintained with the venerated man the relation of pupil to teacher and of follower to master. He has, consequently, communications to make concerning his privileged experience which are of value to the world. Unfortunately, a labored style interferes greatly with the pleasure conveyed by his reminiscences, and yet the interest in the subject of them is so deep that a good deal of severe trial in the form of pedantic digression and affected mannerism will be borne for the sake of the fresh incidents and circumstances which allow us to come nearer to the heart of Emerson.

DR. EDWARD J. HAMILTON's work upon "The Human Mind," just published by Robert Carter & Co., is a voluminous and laborious re-statement of Scotch Philosophy. It will have, therefore, a very different interest for different persons, and very diverse value in their eyes. Those who regard the foundations of this philosophy as assured, will be pleased by an exhaustive discussion of each particular form of affirmation. Those who distrust the primary assertions of this school of philosophy will not find much in this work of Dr. Hamilton to alter or soften their criticism. It is an extended and

careful treatment of a peculiar circuit of thought, and must be received on that basis. The hope of the author that it might become to "American gentlemen" a book of scientific reference in philosophy, is amusing in its simplicity.

A SIXTH volume of the writings of Edmondo De Amicis is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, under the title of "Military Life in Italy." It consists of twenty stories and sketches of the episodes and vicissitudes which enter into the experience of the soldier in camp and on the field. They are highly dramatic in style, and still do not overstep the bounds of nature. Each is wrought up to the climax with exquisite taste and feeling, leaving the reader often with bedewed eyes, yet with pleasantly excited emotions. The author is an artist, and a man of deep and delicate sentiment, of warm sympathies and ardent enthusiasm, and his writings mirror these charming characteristics.

#### LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. PHIL ROBINSON, the English humorist, has appeared in a new work entitled "The Bridge to America."

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON has written a "Ballad of the Thrush," for an early number of Cassell's "Magazine of Art."

A "LIBRARY of Aboriginal American Literature" is in preparation by Dr. Brinton, author of "Myths of the New World."

THE next two volumes in the "English Men of Letters" series (Harpers) will be "Sheridan," by Mrs. Oliphant, and "Fielding," by Austin Dobson.

THE "North American Review" for January has an article by the Rev. Dr. H. W. Thomas, of Chicago, on "The Responsibilities of Progressive Thinkers."

ONE of the most notable books announced for early publication is Mr. Gilder's account of the "Rodgers" expedition in search of the ill-fated "Jeanette." The work will be illustrated from the original sketches of the author. It will be issued by the Scribners.

THE new year brings Mr. Poole's long-expected "Index to Periodical Literature," in complete form. It is a substantial royal octavo volume of fifteen hundred pages, and is very satisfactory in its appearance. We shall speak more fully of this important and monumental work hereafter.

MR. EDMUND W. GOSSE's new volume of poems, to be published shortly by Henry Holt & Co., will be entitled "On Viol and Flute." The same firm will also issue a small volume of the "Lyrical and Dramatic Poems" of Robert Browning—both volumes in the elegant style of Austin Dobson's "Vignettes in Rhyme."

MR. JOEL BENTON's essay on "Emerson as a Poet," read at the Concord School of Philosophy last summer, is to be published by M. L. Holbrook & Co., New York. The volume will contain also a new portrait of Emerson, a concordance to his po-

etry, and a bibliography of the periodical articles relating to him and his work.

AN historical sketch of American literature by an able Scotch critic—Dr. John Nichol, Professor of English Literature in the University of Glasgow, and author of one or more volumes in the "English Men of Letters" series—will have distinct attractions for readers on this side the water. The work extends from the Colonial period to the present, and includes chapters on our "Representative Poets," "Political and Minor Poetry," "Recent Novelists," and "Humorists." It is published by Black, Edinburgh.

MR. WILLIAM BLACK, the English novelist, writes in the London "Athenæum," that while no one can desire the establishment of international copyright more ardently than he does, yet he greatly doubts whether, had such a copyright existed, he would have been much better off than he has been under the liberal treatment accorded him by the Harpers, who have been his American publishers for a dozen years past. Mr. Black gives a characteristic incident of his experience with the firm, and wonders "how many English firms there are who, in similar circumstances, would have done the like."

READERS of the two thoughtful articles on "The Influence of Emerson" and "The Philosophy of Herbert Spencer," in THE DIAL for June and September, 1882, will recognize a loss to literature and to philosophic studies in the death of the writer of them, Mr. Walter R. Barnes, which occurred suddenly at his home in Stevens Point, Wisconsin, December 9. Mr. Barnes was but twenty-nine years of age. He had been for two years a cadet at West Point, but the law was his profession, and in it he had already achieved considerable distinction, having been elected to the office of district attorney of his county but a few days before his death. His inclinations were, however, strongly in the direction of literary and philosophic studies, for which it would seem he had a distinct natural aptitude, joined to acquirements of a very substantial character for one so young.

IN addition to the long list of holiday books noticed in the December DIAL, there should be mentioned among the more tardy arrivals, the fine work of Mr. Hamilton Gibson, "Highways and Byways of New England" (Harpers), which, with its beauty of typography and illustration, has substantial qualities which make it a good book for the holidays or any other time; Mr. W. H. Rideing's "Boys in the Mountains and on the Plains" (Appletons), an account, with illustrations, of "The Western Adventures of Tom Smart, Bob Edge, and Peter Small;" Mr. E. E. Hale's "Stories of Discovery" (Roberts), an addition to the popular and deserving series of "Stories of War," "Stories of the Sea," and "Stories of Adventure," by the same author; "The Princess and Curdie" (Lippincott), a fairy story, by George MacDonald, with illustrations by James Allen; "Hester Stanley at St. Mark's" (Roberts), by Harriet Prescott Spofford, an illustrated story-book for girls; "Mildred's Bargain, and Other Stories" (Harpers), by Mrs. Lillie, author of "Prudence;" "Paul and

Persis" (Lee & Shepard), a story of the Revolutionary Struggle in the Mohawk Valley, by Mary E. Brush; "The Golden Lotus, and Other Legends of Japan" (Lee & Shepard), by Edward Greey, a charming writer for the young; "Ruth Eliot's Dream, a Story for Girls" (Lee & Shepard), by Mary Lakeman; "Phyllis Browne" (Roberts), a juvenile story, by Flora L. Shaw; and "Plish and Plum" (Roberts), an extravagantly funny poem, translated from the German of Wilhelm Busch, with still more extravagant illustrations.

#### BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

[The following list includes all New Books, American and English, received during the month of December by Messrs. JANSSEN, McCLEUNG & Co., Chicago.]

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